The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already,

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* go too't.

Ham. They are not neer my conscience; their defeat
Does by their owne insinuation grow,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points
Of mightie Opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not think thee stand me now vpon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cosnage, i'st not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke.*

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doo'st know this Water-flie?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it sir with all diligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very soultry and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultry as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeue mee an absolute Gentleman,

man, full of most excellent differences, of very soft societie, and great showing: indeed to speake feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalender of Gentrie: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to diuide him inuentorially, would dizzie th'arithmetick of memorie, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our mor rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of *Laertes.*

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would, not much approue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed, he's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six *Barbary* horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancie, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Cour.